

## ILLINOIS ENGLISH BULLETIN

Official Publication of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English

Vol. 43, No. 6

Urbana, Illinois

March, 1956

Published every month except June, July, August, and September. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Entered as second-class matter October 29, 1941, at the post office at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Communications may be addressed to J. N. Hook, 121 Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois.

## Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1955

SELECTED BY

PAULENE M. YATES, *Maine Township High School*

### STAGES

You have said good-bye;  
    You have lost your love.  
Now wing your way,  
    An air-borne dove.  
  
You are free to fly;  
    You must seek your next—  
Thus goes your life.  
    Fate planned its text.  
  
You will look far back,  
    To the younger years;  
And smile—then laugh  
    At foolish tears.

FRANCES CHANDLER, '56, Waukegan Township H. S.  
Eva E. Oke, teacher

### A CANDLE BURNS

This poem is written in the form of ancient Hebrew poetry, such as is found in the *Bible*. It differs from Western poetry, which makes much of counting accents and of rhyme. The first verse, or clause, is followed by a second which is a repetition of the idea in the first.

A match is lit,  
A union.

Flame sputters, then begins,  
The birth.

It gains momentum,  
Growth.

Now brightly it burns,  
Youth.

Then steady, intense,  
To span time.

It flickers, now bright, now dim;  
The wick grows short.

Suddenly, only pools of tallow and a charred string:  
Death.

BARBARA CHANDLER, '56, J. Sterling Morton H. S.  
Marjorie Diez, teacher

### THE WIND

The wind, a gentle panther cub,  
Tampers with nature,  
No harm done,  
Running, bucking, rolling in the dirt,  
Rushing headlong through the leaves,  
Inquisitive,  
Touching every flower, every leaf,  
Kicking up whirlwinds,  
Swirling drafts of air,  
Now looking back,  
Muses over what he has done,  
Turning now he scampers westward,  
How young,  
How light.

KARL EIGSTI, '56, University H. S., Normal  
Ruth Stroud, teacher

### WE THANK THEE

We thank Thee, Lord, for many things,  
For this year's bounteous offerings;  
For fertile fields and amber skies,  
And brilliant hues where daylight dies.

We thank Thee, Lord, for friends who care,  
In time of grief and deep despair;  
For freedom that is so complete—  
For all the neighbors on our street;  
For courage on life's rugged road  
And strength to bear the daily load.  
We thank Thee, Lord, for hearthfires bright  
When comes the darkness of the night;  
For all that makes this life worth living,  
And helps to hallow this Thanksgiving.

DEAN BOWKER, '59, Barrington Consolidated H. S.  
Maude Strouss, teacher

### ARENA\*

I am very fond of football.  
At least, I am very fond of football  
After I am safely seated in my seat;  
But I am very unfond of the things  
That happen to me before I find a seat  
In which I can be safely seated.  
First I (who am 5' 5" tall and weigh 145 lbs.)  
Must fight through crowds of burly persons,  
All of whom seem to want the same seat.  
Then, when I reach my seat,  
It is in front of a person who persists in smashing  
My hat down over my eyes, pouring his Schlitz  
Upon me, or asking which college I went to.  
Whoever sits beside me is always going in and out,  
Being careful to step on my feet each trip;  
And the woman in front of me opens her umbrella  
After the kick-off, and gaily holds it  
In my face for the rest of the game.  
In ancient Rome the spectators picnicked  
And watched the contestants battle each other;  
Now the contestants can picnic  
And watch the spectators battle each other.  
Next Saturday I am going to sit at home  
And watch grand opera on television.

JAMES DELONG, '56, Evanston Township H. S.  
Mary L. Taft, teacher

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\* Apologies to Ogden Nash.

**PEACE**

Above the earth,  
Into the sky,  
A dove of hope,  
Spreads wings to fly.

Wars and famines  
Work their wrong.

But he is here,  
To sing his song.

Of peace and good,  
He tells the world.

Then flies to heaven,  
Wings unfurled.

STEPHEN D. ADAMS, '56, Bloomington H. S.  
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

**STORMY SEA**

Thunder  
Like the beat of a thousand drums  
Pounded;  
Needle-like drops of rain  
Pelted down in the deepening darkness.

A boat  
Tossed like a child's toy  
To and fro  
On rolling waters.

Like great sea monsters in a fury  
Inky black waves  
Rose and fell.  
Steel flashes of lightning  
Struck smoky clouds.

The storm stopped;  
Over the horizon  
A golden queen  
Peeked her hazy face  
Smiling down on rippling waters.

CAROL HLAVKA, '57, East Senior H. S., Rockford  
Edna Youngquist, teacher



## SNOW

Fierce  
as it howls  
across the lonesome plain.

Gentle  
as it paints  
a frosty country lane.

Cursed  
as it confines  
a village still.

Welcomed  
as it prepares  
the sledding hill.

Wild  
in the fury  
of a storm.

Peaceful  
in welcoming  
another Christmas morn.

MARY ANN SCHWARTZ, '56, Alleman H. S.  
Sister Mary Carlos, B.V.M., teacher

## LIFE

A bubble of laughter,  
A tear dropped—  
The birth of a baby begins it;  
The death of a friend ends it—  
Life!

JUDY LUKEMAN, '56, Jacksonville H. S.  
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

## THE TULIP

Spring has come, and in the air  
Comes the cheery song of the robin, fair.  
There are blossoms pink on every tree  
For a nectar-seeking honey bee.  
In our once-frozen flower bed  
The tulip shows her little head

As if in triumph of this feat  
 She yawns, and stretches up to meet  
 The sun, who, shining overhead,  
 Has brought her from her earthen bed.  
 She presses upward day by day,  
 Pushing the dry leaves gently away.  
 Then one day from skies above  
 God sent the rain to show His love.  
 The tulip's petals, flame-hued,  
 Opened to show her gratitude.  
 Her shining blossoms upward faced  
 To show God where her heart was placed.  
 Then, just before the summer came  
 The flower dropped her scarlet flame,  
 Dropped her petals without sound,  
 Tenderly, upon the ground.  
 Soon autumn came all brightly clad  
 And found the tulip tired and sad.  
 The autumn wind blew round her head  
 And gently made, of leaves, her bed.  
 Then winter spread her cape of snow;  
 The tulip peacefully slept below.  
 She dreams of springtimes spent before  
 And waits for spring to come once more.

GLORIA MANLEY, '58, Wenona H. S.

Marcia Wright, teacher

### LAKE IN THREE SEASONS

The waters lash; the waters roar,  
 The winds blow waves up high.  
 It is the lake in wintertime —  
 As grey as winter sky.

The waters lap; the waters sing  
 And softly wet the sand.  
 It is the lake on spring-like days  
 With boats on surface bland.

The waters blue hold people gay.  
 The waves snatch balls and toys.  
 It is the lake in summertime—  
 The perfect time for boys.

FRIEDRICH ROESCHLAUB, '57, Evanston Township H. S.  
 Edith L. Baumann, teacher

## FROST

It came in the night but now it is gone,  
It was on each window pane;  
It died in splendor at the break of day,  
Had an Artist worked in vain?

RICHARD BALDWIN, '58, Cathedral H. S., Belleville  
(Bro.) Francis Haug, S.M., teacher

## SIXTEEN

I climb onto the rough-hewn cliff of thought,  
And from that peak survey all common scenes:  
The world I know, made up of earth and life,  
The handiwork of God, of beauty, virtue,  
Of eagerness, of idleness, of pain  
And joy . . . the pageant of humanity,  
The constant striving, questions left unanswered.

Composed of these,  
My world in part is frosted with the dew  
Of youth. Of these my dreams are fashioned. Here  
They gather substance and from them ideals  
For life are forged.

DONNA LUCHMAN, '56, J. Sterling Morton H. S.  
Marjorie Diez, teacher

## STANDS NEW YORK

In the midst of life,  
enveloped in self-made clouds of hurry and toil,  
stabbed by glints of pleasure and greatness,  
shoved and tossed by anxiety,  
commanding and commanded by the sea,  
stands New York.

On the edge of the universe,  
struggling with the burden of demand,  
insisting on supremacy,  
quarreling and fighting against itself,  
straining to tower above the rest,  
stands New York.

In the heart of the people,  
warm and to be remembered,  
changing commonplace to great and great to commonplace  
belonging to no man, but all,  
giving an illusion of eternity,  
stands New York.

GAIL NOVAK, '58, Maine Township H. S., Park Ridge  
Anne Hauterbach, teacher

### THE FIRESIDE

Burn on, bright fire  
And warm me through;  
It's dark outside  
And chilly, too.

The big grey cat  
With eyes half closed,  
Lies on the hearth  
To nod and doze.

So please blaze on,  
Spread warmth and light,  
For while you do,  
My hope is bright.

ELAINE MESSMAKER, '56, Bloom Township H. S.  
Juanita L. Schoff, teacher

### A DESERTED ROAD

A small boy walks down a dark deserted road.  
Giant trees watch him from their haughty height.  
A bitter wind bends the yielding grass.  
Icy stars pierce the black.  
A night-bird calls through the darkness.  
The incompassionate universe surrounds  
One boy—  
Cold,  
Afraid,  
Alone.

JACQUI STRUNK, '56, Evanston Township H. S.  
Mary L. Taft, teacher



**WARNING! ON A CLOSED DOOR**

Brother, tread softly upon this stair.  
Of noises loud beware,  
For if you do not this warning heed  
It may be your last breath indeed.  
Remember that many dangers lurk  
Where there's a sign saying,  
"SILENCE, GENIUS AT WORK!"

JOYCE DOCKA, '59, Barrington Consolidated H. S.  
Maude Strouss, teacher

**FOREST FRAGRANCE**

I breathe  
A fragrance fresh  
Which wind and rain accent  
And spread across the forest floor . . .  
Sweet pine.

DOROTHY CORINNE LIEN, '56, Naperville Comm. H. S.  
Leona McBride, teacher

**WISCONSIN BARN**

The red barn  
In the middle of the farm,  
Its haymow filled with sweating hay.

Cattle below,  
Two rows of black and white,  
Stare straight ahead at whitewashed walls,  
Swish black rope tails,  
And move loose cuds  
To the rhythm of the milking machine.

At one far end  
Two wobbly knock-kneed calves  
Bellow for their mothers.  
Two cows move restlessly  
From side to side.

Into the churn  
 The farmer pours the golden layer  
 From last night's milk  
 And churns the cream for the dairy show.

JAMES LONG, '57, East H. S., Rockford  
 Adele Johnson, teacher

### ICICLES

Tiny silver bells  
 Tinkling  
 In the cold.  
 Faint echoes  
 Of a crystal harp  
 Plucked  
 In mystic fairyland.  
 A crystal symphony,  
 Icicles.

SHERRIE STEVENS, '56, University High, Normal  
 Ruth Stroud, teacher

### LUNCH HOUR

Footsteps, voices, laughs, and yells;  
 Money, dishes, trays, and smells.

DORIS CRIPE, '57, Marengo H. S.  
 Helen Staubli Tipps, teacher

### QUESTIONS

What are birth and life and death?  
 What is God and why is man?  
 Is there everlasting peace?  
 Tell me, sages, if you can.

Learned scholars, men of old,  
 Ancients who have long since died,  
 Did you hunger for the truth?  
 And was your longing satisfied?

SUE HUTTON, '56, Bloom Township H. S.  
 Juanita L. Schoff, teacher

**SPRING**

Far overhead  
Sprinkled stars wink  
In a meadow placid and blue.

A pale moon  
Darts behind lazy clouds,  
Outlining  
Patterns below.

A slight breeze swirls  
Through bare tufts of grass,  
Then jumps to kiss  
Tender buds of the aging apple tree.

No song of cricket  
Stirs the air  
No melancholy strain  
Of owl  
Haunts the black.

But listen!  
Up from the South  
Comes the cry of geese,  
The whirring of wings  
Beating against the still  
Of spring.

CAROL SODERBOOM, '57, East H. S., Rockford  
Adele Johnson, teacher

**A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT**

It must have been a glorious time  
To hear the angels sing,  
As they plucked their harps of shining gold  
And sang of Christ, our King.

O angels, angels, angels,  
Please sing your songs today,  
And lead us to that blessed Christ  
As we go 'long our way.

It must have been a glorious time  
To see the shining star,  
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem,  
To show the way afar.

O star, O star of Bethlehem,  
Please shine on us today,  
And lead us to that blessed Christ  
As we go 'long our way.

SAMUEL HALE, '60, Centennial Jr. H. S., Decatur  
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

### THAT LITTLE FELLAR

There goes the old man again.  
Poor old fellar, all alone now.  
Used t' live with his grandson.  
Jest six years old and the right cutest little fellar we ever did  
see 'round these parts.  
Had the plum nicest big blue eyes.

Used t' see them down by the stream pretty near every day.  
Never did see the little boy fish.  
Jest used t' sit on that old tree stump an' watch the fish  
swimmin' by.  
Had a strange way with animals, that little boy did.

You could see him in the woods sometimes  
And all the critters there with him.  
And him talkin' t' them and them listenin',  
Jest as if they know'd what he was sayin'.

Old man used t' be real happy with him.  
Sure.  
Everyone liked havin' him 'round.  
Sort o' made everything 'round him glow,  
Like the sun shinin' after a snowfall.

Well.  
Guess you're achin' t' know what happen t' the little fellar.



Now, like I say, he had this way with animals.  
Well, one day last winter,  
Jest before the thaw set in,  
The little boy was down by the stream gettin' some firewood  
for the old lady lives up that there hill.  
Always doin' them sort o' things,  
That little boy was.

Way we hear tell, there was this ol' dog fell through the ice,  
And that tiny fellar tried t' get him out.  
Well now, seems like the ice broke through and the poor little  
soul fell through himself.

Now, the old man got t' missin' him and went down t' look  
for him.  
Found him there with jest about all the breath gone out o' him.  
They got back t' the cabin and the little boy was burnin' up  
with fever.  
I reckon there weren't much a soul could do for him any more.

Poor old man, all alone now.  
Yessir.  
That little boy had the plum nicest big blue eyes.  
Y' looked in those eyes an' there weren't nothin' t' see but joy  
and goodness.  
Like the old man always used t' say:  
If y' looked hard enough,  
You could see Heaven right there in those eyes.

RICHARD LEVY, '56, Senn H. S.  
Grace Lindahl, teacher

### THE OFFERING

The fragrant incense of burning leaves  
Fills the autumn air  
And slowly curls and winds  
Among the barren trees  
Feebly rising toward the sky  
Until dissolved by an indifferent breeze.

DAVID AUFDENSPRING, '58, Cathedral H. S., Belleville  
(Bro.) Francis Haug, S.M., teacher

**MY HAIR**

(with apologies to Dorothy Aldis)

It isn't blonde,  
It doesn't curl,  
It's unbecoming  
To a girl.

I am discouraged  
With my hair,  
But still I'm glad  
That it is there.

BARBARA BECKMAN, '57, Naperville Comm. H. S.  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

**AN EMPTY ROOM**

A baby bottle broken in two,  
An old ragged shawl of faded blue,  
A bird cage now overrun with rust—  
All lay covered and heavy with dust  
On a wooden table large and old  
Within a great room, now dark and cold,  
Near a fireplace quiet as the night,  
Whence, long ago, came a roaring light.  
Here, walls still mourn in soft misery,  
Now, night winds wail for what used to be,  
Moonbeams drift in on the midnight air,  
Searching for children no longer there.  
They found a new house and said, "Good-bye"  
And left the old home wondering, "Why?"

MARGARET KELLY, '57, Notre Dame H. S.  
Sister Marie St. Eleanor, S.N.D., teacher

**A SONNET**

The cold wind swirls around the trees. The bare  
And slender branches bend beneath its blow.  
The sky is threatening; clouds are filled with snow.  
The wind is icy as a witch's glare.  
The storm looms bleak above the hill to tear  
Across the countryside, to freeze the flow  
Of swiftly running streams that lie below.  
The storm breaks and a chill hangs in the air.

And when at last the sun shines through the mist  
Spreading its glow across the countryside,  
Its light reveals some things that may seem odd  
To us. We see a world the sun has kissed  
With shining life, a world of things untried,  
A pure world that has just been washed by God.

BARBARA MYERS, '56, West Senior H. S., Rockford  
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

### THE TEACHERS' SONG

A class  
Is a living thing,  
Breathing, laughing, working  
As one.

It has an ever-changing disposition:

Monday: quiet,  
Moody silence clutches all  
In silken folds of hypnotizing nothingness.

Tuesday: alert.  
Difficult questions,  
Thrust out in dying hope,  
Are rattled about like cupped dice,  
And quickly answered.  
Wednesday: restless;  
A slow moving fly,  
Barely able to defy gravity's law,  
Is viewed with interest.

Thursday: noisy  
Whispering rustles, dies out at a stare,  
And begins again.

Friday: bored, tired faces  
Yawn;  
And, gazing at a clock upon the wall,  
Ponder why,  
If life is short  
It sometimes seems so long.

A class is a living thing;  
Ideas flash  
Back and forth.  
Inquisitive minds grapple with problems  
Searching for the meaning  
Behind the answer.

A class  
Is a living thing;  
A body, quick and complex,  
Seeking knowledge.  
I am the intellect.  
I feed the hungry being,  
Cramming it with skills and wisdom,  
Learned long ago.  
I am an integral part of the whole.  
With all my skill and cunning  
I mold gawking, careless youths into men—  
Warriors and workers;  
Leaders who must willingly  
Step into the chains of responsibility  
And rule the earth.

JOHN KLAWITTER, '56, Bloom Township H. S.  
Sara Fernald, teacher

### SPRING!

Rising majestically in the sky  
The pine tree sways and gives a sigh  
As through the forest rings the cry,  
"It's spring! It's spring! It's spring!"

Daffodils in their glory dance  
To see the lilies in their gaiety prance  
The robin cocks his head and chants,  
"It's spring! It's spring! It's spring!"

Squirrels run out this lovely day  
To scamper in the trees and play  
As a brook leaps through the meadow to say,  
"It's spring! It's spring! It's spring!"

NANCY ROYER, '58, York Comm. H. S.  
Eleanor A. Davis, teacher



**MODERN BUILDINGS**

The shining mementos of a modern age,  
Built to the perfection of an exacting gauge,  
New and fresh and oh so high,  
Reaching proudly toward the sky,  
Beacons of inspiration and of light,  
Smooth and shining in the night,  
Trimmed with glass but laid with steel,  
Covered with paint that will not peel,  
Made to stand against any storm,  
Man-made protection from the elements' harm,  
Workshops of wisdom, ideas, and skill,  
An alliance, under God, of man's thought and will.

CHARLES TRIBOUT, '58, Cathedral H. S., Belleville  
(Bro.) Francis Haug, S.M., teacher

**ON SUNSET BLUFF**

On Sunset Bluff  
Spring awakens.

Her gentle sighs,  
Soft wisps of wind,  
Ruffle her flowing robe of green.

Her first deep yawns,  
Great sweeping gusts of wind,  
Sway budding branches toward the earth.

She opens each bud  
With a kiss of love,  
And fills the air with dreams.

The sunshine is her bright warm smile,  
Where golden gleams play tag  
With her tears of joy  
And leave a rainbow in the sky.

JANE ANDERSON, '57, East H. S., Rockford  
Adele Johnson, teacher

**A LITTLE BOY'S HEAVEN**

I wonder how or if I'll know,  
When I'm in heaven (if I go).  
Will all the streets be made of gold?  
Will I have wings as I am told?

Will I wear a gown of white,  
And must I go to bed at night?  
Please, can I keep my hound dog Spot  
And all the frogs and bugs I've got?

Can I still chew my bubble gum,  
If I give Saint Peter some?  
Can I keep my garter snakes  
And sneak the frostin' off the cakes?

Can I still pull Susie's curls?  
Or are there any little girls?  
Do I have to go to school?  
Do they have a swimmin' pool?

Can I bring my BB gun?  
Then I know I'll have some fun.  
Do they have a cowboy show?  
If they don't—don't think I'll go.

BARBARA KAY COLEBAUGH, '57, Moline Senior H. S.  
Adeline Kerns, teacher

**LIFE**

Sorrow may knock at my door,  
Ambition may summon me,  
I may have ponderable dreams.  
Amid a hedge of thorns forces  
May compel me to proceed.  
Vagrant wishes may beckon me  
Astray; the whirlwinds of rebellion  
Will whip about me, and I will  
Be led to believe that the  
Faiths have forsaken me.

I will not succumb to the  
Fortune of restlessness and  
Vague desire. I will never  
Hesitate, for God's unfailing  
Charity will grant me a  
Courage to face the road of life.  
Neither scorn of the rich nor envy  
Of the lowly will deter me  
From my path.

PAUL MALVEN, '56, Genoa-Kingston H. S.  
Gladys Wibking, teacher

### TANKA

The strong gusts of wind  
Flung the leafy branches of  
The supple young tree  
About, like an angry child  
Punishing a limp rag doll.

BEVERLY HAYDEN, '57, West Rockford Senior H. S.  
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

### CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Christmas candles have melted to wax,  
The laughter of happy children has silenced,  
And presents lay unheeded on the floor.

The once-gay ribbon lies in a sad heap,  
The drying needles drop from the tree,  
The mistletoe hangs limp from the door.

Amidst all this we hear a fervent prayer:  
"Lord, that we may see the Way of Light  
Through all these worldly things . . . forevermore."

PATRICIA BOYNTON, '57, Alleman H. S.  
Sister Louise, O.S.B., teacher

## THE FISHERMAN

(A Triolet)

I know a place I'd like to fish—  
Along the winding river's edge;  
For calm and peace are all I wish.  
I know a place I'd like to fish,  
Where darkened waters churn and swish,  
Surrounded by a thickened hedge.  
I know a place I'd like to fish—  
Along the winding river's edge.

HUGH DAVIDSON, '56, Naperville Comm. H. S.  
Leona McBride, teacher

## NIGHT

The night is lonely like an old man.  
It knows no friend; it has no faith.  
It walks silently among God's creations,  
Watching and waiting.  
It knows many tales; it has seen many things—  
As old men have.  
It has stood by silently and watched life  
Fade away softly.  
It has seen guilty ones slip through  
The darkness uncaught.  
It has heard the wails of sirens  
Bring horror into its blackness.  
It has watched the lonely  
Who walk the streets,  
Their footsteps heard by others  
Who cannot sleep.  
The reasons may be different,  
But the footsteps are always the same—  
Restless, unhappy, searching.  
From my window I hear them pass—  
The dull footsteps of a man,  
Pounding out a rhythm in the night;  
The clicking of high heels,  
Hurrying as if afraid of life,  
Echoing in the stillness.  
I have heard them often.



They are all looking for someone  
Or something.  
This night the blackness enfolds  
A solitary figure, walking a lonely road.  
The footsteps ring through the quiet night.  
They are mine.  
Will I find what I am searching for?  
Or will I be as lonely as the night  
Until I am old?

KAREN FERNSTROM, '57, Evanston Township H. S.  
Edith L. Baumann, teacher

**A Second Stanza to  
"A DESK MOTTO"**

**By Don Marquis**

I hate to slave, I dislike work.  
From all laboring I shirk.  
Now most of you must think I'm lazy  
And those who don't are just plain crazy.

JOHN OHSBEND, '57, East Senior H. S., Rockford  
Edna Youngquist, teacher

**THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS**

At Christmas time my thoughts all turn  
To a manger far away,  
When sounds of cattle and angels' prayers  
Announced the wond'rous day.

He didn't have the palace grand  
That many kings possess  
But greater still, He had the power  
To give us happiness.

So on this happy Christmas Day  
May all our voices ring  
To heav'n in one great prayer of thanks  
To our Savior, God, and King.

BETTY BLIESENER, '57, Canton Senior H. S., Canton  
Orpha Stutsman, teacher

**TANKA**

French perfume is like  
 Laughter breaking the silence  
 Of a sultry night  
 When the stars are hid by clouds  
 And the still air is heavy.

JEAN DOBBERT, '57, Naperville Comm. H. S.  
 Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

**A CAT**

A cat, you've heard some people say,  
 Is not the pet to raise  
 But would they only keep a cat,  
 And learn its wondrous ways,  
 I'm sure that they would change their views,  
 And give it only praise.

JAMES GRAFF, '57, Marengo H. S.  
 Helen Staubli Tipps, teacher

**DEATH AFTER LIFE?**

Poised on the end of a splinter of ice,  
 A sparkling drop hangs back from the snow.  
 It shifts and wavers in the sun's hot gaze,  
 Unable to stay; afraid to go.  
 It builds, it grows, it nears the plunge.  
 The earth beneath, a mystery.  
 Cut from its life it braves the dark  
 With a hope of immortality.

JOHN BING, '56, Evanston Township H. S.  
 Mildred Hudson, teacher

**SPRING**

Gray grass  
 With dabs of green,  
 A drab brown road edged by  
 Young windswept trees that swirl with song  
 In spring.

GEORGE NIEMOLA, '57, East H. S., Rockford  
 Adele Johnson, teacher

## WE WAIT

When winter is come and cold winds blow,  
And overcast sky gives threat of snow,  
When summer has had its last gay fling,  
And youth has abandoned its love of spring,  
When high over tree tops birds are flying,  
And no babbling brooks are softly crying,  
When blows the North Wind, chill and deathless,  
And each small child is happy and breathless,  
When long gone is Junetime's rhapsody,  
And enters Winter's melody,  
Then comes the thought like the sweet perfume  
Of a springtime breeze in a long-closed room  
That in varied lands near and afar,  
All people anticipate Yuletide's Star.

Who then awaits the Christmas Child?  
First, an old man, humble and mild.  
Combined are his feelings, both joy and pain,  
For only this Christmas has he to remain.  
He's lived a long life, full of pleasure and tears.  
He's lessened his faults, his failures, and fears.  
And now his face, wrinkled and worn,  
Reflects his past years, the troubles he's borne.  
Soon his lingering life will cease,  
And then with God, forever at peace.

Yet also there waits a tiny lad,  
A four-year-old. A sight so sad  
That even an unfeeling heart will weep  
At the fashion in which the Child must creep  
So slowly along, supported by crutches,  
Embraced at birth in crippling clutches  
Still, mother's heart fills full with pride  
While her baby makes ready for another Yule-tide,  
By praying to God in dulcet inflection  
For help in attaining desired perfection.

Still waits another across the sea,  
Waits and yearns for the day he'll be  
Back in the arms of his fatherland,  
The country he's pledged both heart and hand.

And so, courageous, the battle he fought,  
Not granting himself even unselfish thought.  
The battle is won now, peace has been found.  
He longs for the day when homeward bound.  
As he blesses himself, he thanks our good Lord  
That strong faith in God is its own reward.

When Noel's Star shines bright and clear  
With myriad companions twinkling near,  
When pseudo kings pay their gracious respect.  
And tyrant leaders alike genuflect,  
Then the Saviour returns to redeem once again,  
To bring peace to the earth and good will toward men.

MARY HELEN MUECK, '56, Alleman H. S.  
Sister Louise, O.S.B., teacher

### BEFORE THE CONCERT

I hear the voice of the oboe sounding his "A"  
To the twittering flutes, the sullen string bass,  
And the jovial violins.  
Suddenly the lights are dimmed;  
The audience is hushed, and the curtain rises.  
The conductor steps out on the stage.  
The audience applauds; he steps to the podium,  
And with a blare of trumpets,  
The symphony begins.

JAMES A. ULRICH, '58, J. Sterling Morton H. S.  
Robert S. Lundgren, teacher



## HONORABLE MENTION

Barrington: "Snow," by Pamela Quayle (Maude Strouss).

Bloomington: "Pens in My Life," by Courtney Read (Lorraine Kraft); "Motorist's Prayer," by Marilyn Marshall; "Box Elder Bugs," by Sandra Strawn (May English).

Camp Point: "Conscience Made the Bells to Ring," by Carol Buss (Helen Wickliffe).

Canton: "A Dream of Spring," by Judy Johnson; "Holidays," by Diane Feldner; "Only the Sky," by Sara Lou Blakely; "Inspiration," by Marietta Welch; "The Drifter," by Joy Elgin (Mrs. Orpha Stutsman).

Chicago Heights: "Constant Death," by Sue Hutton (D. Briggs); "Tragedy," by Janet Porter; "Death's Messenger," by Diane Zapf (Juanita Schoff).

Evanston: "A Prayer," by Mary Lou Walker; "The Merry Month," by Marilyn Thompson; "Barefoot," by Dyanne Bouchard (Edith L. Baumann); "Chicago the Glowworm," by Jay R. Carow (Mrs. Charlotte C. Whittaker); "Solitude," by Fran Kremer (Mildred Hudson); "Night Song," by Stephen Beal; "The Key," by Leo Henikoff (Mary L. Taft).

Galva: "Spring Cantata," by Barbara Dunbar (Mildred Lapan).

Genoa: "A Bit of Lace," by Joyce Strack (Gladys Wibking).

Jacksonville: "Color," by Charles Cleeland (Emma Mae Leonhard).

Kansas: "The Wind," by Dora Lowery (Mrs. Arthur Bennett).

Lawrenceville: "Spring," by Cline Bolwer (Richard Stanowski).

Marengo: "The Sun," by James Graff (Helen Staubli Tipps).

Moline: "Perfect Day," by Claudia Rae Kegler; "Ode to a Little Brother," by Carol Duke (Harold Griffith); "Thoughts," by Rochelle Wilson (Betsy Roseberg); "Between Sun, Sea, and Sky," by Sandra Adams (Robert D. Knees); "School," by Caroline Swaine; "A Little Boy Dreams," by Bruce Trull (Bess Bennett).

Naperville: "El Dorado Exploited," by Bonnie Prickett (Leona McBride); "Blank Verse About Blank Verse," by Cleo Bader (Dorothy Scroggie).

New Berlin: "The Moon Is a Ghost," by Kenneth Sheppard (Mary K. Knox).

Niles: "The Ring of the Nibelung," by Brenda Martinez (Priscilla Baker).

Rockford: "Christmas," by Jane Paige; "Elmer's Escapade," by Lowell Carlson (Adele Johnson).

Rock Island: "Partners," by Glory Ryan (Sister Mary Carlos); "The Forgotten Reindeer," by Marie Hardi; "Winter Skies," by Illene Hardi; "Autumn Artistry," by Norman Pastorek; "We Wait," by Mary Helen Mueck (Sister Louise, O.S.B.); "A Kitten Asleep Under a Christmas Tree," by Barbara Vande Puttee (Sister Majella, B.V.M.).

Waukegan: "Ballad," and "Sonnet," by Frances Chandler (Eva E. Oke).

Wenona: "Dishes," by Jeanette Salz; "Let Us Give Thanks," by Charlotte Huser; "The One That Got Away," by Judy Trimble (Marcia Wright).

York: "The Meaning of Christmas," by Joyce Atlee (Eleanor A. Davis).